

OUR DUMB Animals





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Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each. Single copies, \$.15.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

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No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

Animals

VOLUME 85 — NO. 11

NOVEMBER, 1952

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
 AND
 AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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Thanksgiving—1952

THERE are people who seem to have despaired of the future and who think they have nothing to be thankful for. "Everything," they say, "is on the down grade." One man says this war of inexplicable cruelties and inhuman outrages has wrecked his faith. Another sees every humane movement retarded a half a century. Another insists that social and industrial revolutions await us, ready to make every last thing first and every first thing last. Still another declares the progress of the world has been set back a hundred years.

It's the way you look at it. And the way you look at it depends much upon your knowledge of the past and your inner vision of what are the great realities.

If this world to you is only like a ship drifting without chart or compass upon a shoreless sea at the mercy of every wind that blows and tide that runs, then such an experience as this through which it is just now passing means only a battered hull, torn cordage, tattered sails—almost a wreck, and generations will be needed to make it look again even respectable.

But if the world never has rolled on through all the sea of time, hit or miss, if in spite of all that looks to the contrary there have been chart and compass aboard, and someone at the helm who has known what he was about, if this be true, and multitudes are confident the facts warrant the conviction that it is true, then our ship, no matter what the storm or how long the night, has not lost her course.

Let us rest assured that the moral forces of the world have been and always will be the all-conquering forces. It is a better world that is to be. Many a hoary wrong will be found to have been trampled to its death on the frightful fields of this sad war. Many an ancient evil, entrenched in humane customs and conventions, social, political, religious, will be blown to atoms ere all the human explosives flung out by the great conflict are exhausted; and justice, truth, humanity, and all the virtues that keep them company, will command the reverence of mankind as never before.

It is for this better world to be that our noblest and bravest are laying down their lives. It is ours to stand behind them, not only with our service and our money, but with this unwavering faith that they fight a winning battle.

E. H. H.

Our Letter Box

Bullfighting

"I was interested in the article by Muriel J. Coffin in the last issue of your magazine.

"I witnessed a bullfight in Madrid, Spain, some years ago, and never want to witness another. It was one of the most brutal exhibitions I have ever seen. The horses used in the bull ring in Madrid, as I recollect it, were not padded. They were old, worn-out hack horses, one of which the bull lifted on his horns and threw over the barricade, on the occasion when I saw the fight. The vocal cords of these horses were cut so that they could not squeal with the pain caused by the goring of the bull. These horses were used to weaken the neck muscles of the bull, which in the Madrid ring, was killed by the matador, standing immediately in front of the bull and running a sword behind his shoulders into his vitals.

"Two women who were present with me and another man on that occasion became so ill that they were forced to leave after the first bull was killed.

"It will be a sad day if ever this gruesome sport is introduced into America, with its degrading associations.

"Every friend of dumb animals should raise a protest against any such 'alleged sport.'"

*Howard J. Chidley,
Winchester, Mass.*

"That was a stunning expose of bullfighting in your September issue, far and away the most incisive and revealing I have seen. Mrs. Coffin did a masterful, completely unsentimental job of stripping away all the clap-trap that has been built up around it and showing it up for the ugly, sodden thing it really is. If she could sit down with Ernest Hemingway, John Ringling North, et al, they'd know they had been in an argument.

*Mrs. Walter Elwood,
Amsterdam, N. Y.*

One Red Rose

I think "One Red Rose" by Wallace Depew, teaches a real lesson. It has resulted in my little boy being allowed to have a puppy. I objected to his having a pet, then I read, One Red Rose. If animals teach only a part of the lesson in this little article, then mothers should see to it that more boys have pets. You should see the smiles of my youngster, and all because of your wonderful magazine. Thanks a lot.

Enlightened Mother

"Garry Bawn," Gentleman

By Mathi Boynton-Hamilton

LIKE most dogs my Irish setter, "Garry Bawn," loved to travel by automobile, observing everybody and everything we whizzed by. If he saw an especially thrilling sight like a rabbit, he would gently nudge me with his muzzle and "talk" to me about it.

There were disconcerting moments, too, in our travels together when the desk clerk at a hotel or tourist court after a look at Garry Bawn on the leash would say firmly: "Sorry, madam. No dogs allowed."

Whereupon Garry, in his engaging way, was apt to wave his amber plume like a flag and smile into the face of the man. As a rule the clerk would weaken under this onslaught of charm and shout, after a sharp bang on the bell, "Front!" Aside, he would mutter to me, "Guess for this once I'll have to break the rule. I'll just get the bellhop to sneak him up to your room by the back stairs, lady."

Garry's social manners were above reproach in every way. No getting on furniture, ever, and as to "mistakes"—don't ask me to insult his memory! As long as I had explained the situation to him in words of one syllable and given him one of my gloves to guard during my absence, he never barked or carried on while I was at dinner or a movie. He knew "missus" would be back presently—and he never as much as took a chew out of the glove either.

With reluctance, but complete courtesy, he would allow the chambermaid to turn down the bed and check the towels. But Garry Bawn's wary eye was

upon her every move for fear she might meddle with my possessions.

Garry Bawn loved little children with a passion. On streets and in shops they would cluster around him. He would allow them to hug and pet him to their hearts' content while he'd lean his flank against them affectionately and smile happily. But if he thought I wasn't looking he would companionably take a quick lick of their lollipops or candy, and, however unsanitary his gesture might have been, the children were only too happy to share their goodies with him.

Garry Bawn took a skeptical interest in my gardening efforts, however futile they seemed to him. Once, while "missus" was idling along so ineffectually with the trowel, he attempted to show me how easily his red satin paws could dig a sizeable hole in just a few seconds! While gravely superintending my weeding and transplanting jobs, Garry Bawn would invariably choose to take his ease in the lily bed in full bloom. If I dared to remonstrate with him he would reproach me with a grave look and leave me flat.

When Garry Bawn was a puppy, he thought it fun to chase cats. But one day I melted his heart towards a certain small fuzzy kitten by laying the astonished infant, incased in my hand, right in Garry's mouth. Of course he would not dream of biting down on missus' hand!

From then on, he adored the kitten, in fact, all cats. He showered the small one with affection; so much so, that the kitten was always sopping wet from being kissed constantly from stem to stern.

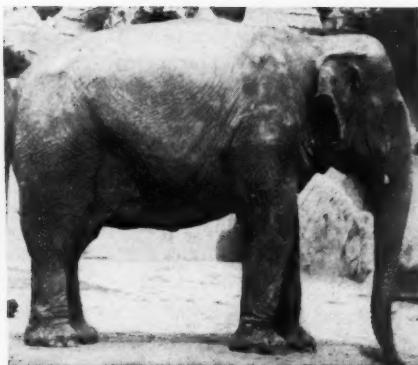
My chestnut saddle horse, "Chance," and Garry—a perfect symphony of russet color—were bosom pals. On our rides Chance's ears were always pointed in the direction in which our darling was ranging. Upon returning to us he'd always kiss his horse friend, who leaned down to him completely *en rapport*.

Yes, life without Garry Bawn seems very dull. As I drive now along the roads we used to travel together, I sometimes see his tawny plume waving far ahead of me as if Garry Bawn was saying, "That's right, Miss Mathi; we're on the right trail home now."



Animals in Politics

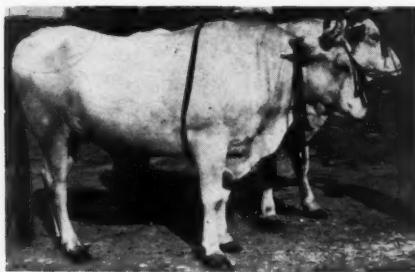
By Laura Alice Boyd



DURING the recent elections in India it was necessary to make the ballots in such a way that the people who could not read the names of the candidates or the parties would know for whom they were voting. For this purpose, symbols were adopted, many of them animals, which were easily understood by the people.

Nehru's Congress Party used the symbol of a yoke of oxen. The S.C.F. Party used an elephant; the Nahasabha, a man on horse back and the Marxists, a roaring lion. A man running as an Independent for office in Benares used the camel as his symbol. To make this fact well known he staged a parade of a hundred camels through the city streets.

In the United States we are familiar with animals as the symbols of our two main political parties. The use of the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey, as well as the Tammany tiger as political symbols dates back to the Bavarian born Thomas Nast who was a famous cartoonist at the time of the Civil War and later. His cartoons using the elephant and the donkey first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*.



The question is often asked how on earth these two animals were ever chosen to designate Republicans and Democrats. It seems that the drawings of these two particular animals were of Nast's own invention. History does not relate just why the artist chose them as representative. We can only surmise that perhaps the size and strength of the elephant and the swiftness of action and determination of purpose of the donkey may have had something to do with Nast's choice.

It may be, at the time, the elephant seemed to typify the Republican party and the donkey, the Democratic party in thinking and action. On the other hand, Nast may have picked them at random. But, however it was done, these two animals have been and will no doubt continue to be representative of the popular conception of politics and elections in this country.

Like the old fable of the contest be-



tween the sun and the wind, the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey have been vying these past few months to gain new support for their respective sides. At the two conventions of these political parties, held last spring, gigantic replicas of these animals were on display at the convention headquarters. Newspapers and magazines have used cartoons and pictures of them in dealing with election issues.

In any case, the elephant and the donkey have been fighting it out on every known front lately. This month will find them in the arena for the final bout of the year. Then, they can go back into seclusion for a much needed rest, coming out only for a few public displays at odd times and off-year elections.

Various countries have used animals



as symbols on their flags. The Vikings, whose ships sailed the seas at a very early date and may have been the first ones to reach the shores of this continent from Europe, had a white flag with a black raven as their ensign.

The flag which John Paul Jones raised on his sloop-of-war, the *Alfred*, on the Delaware river, on December 3, 1775, showed thirteen alternate red and white stripes with a rattlesnake extended across them. Later the snake was eliminated and the striped flag was flown on all American vessels.

The Gadston flag, used at about the same time, with a coiled rattlesnake on a field of yellow and the usual motto, "Don't Tread on Me," was presented by its designer, Col. Christopher Gadston, to be used by the "Commander-in-Chief of the American Navy."

The eagle is the guardian of the flag and appears on the standard to which the flag is attached. The eagle has been the symbol of the United States since 1785. Audubon said the eagle was a fitting symbol because "Washington was brave as an eagle and, like it, the terror of his enemies."





Father and baby give thanks.

To the Rescue

By Esther E. Stone

I HAVE hesitated to tell this story because it seemed too far-fetched, but now I am tempted to tell exactly what I witnessed.

It was quite a few years ago; I was camping with my family on a small lake in Michigan. Not far from our tent was an old shack with eaves no more than five feet from the ground. Under the eaves was a wide ledge on which was a robin's nest with three eggs in it. In due time they hatched and three, wide-mouthed, hungry babies were forever poking up their heads for something to eat.

One day I heard a terrible commotion outside. We ran out and this is what happened.

The parent robins were crying and diving in the grass. As I drew near I saw a large blue racer snake making off with one of the babies. The agonizing cries of the parents brought birds from all directions. In no time the very air was full of birds of all descriptions from our part of the state. Bluebirds, goldfinches, orioles, wrens, blackbirds, bluejays, robins, cardinals, crows and even hummingbirds; all crying in a frightful manner and darting down, pecking the snake, making it very confusing for the snake to see where to go, but he still hung onto the crying baby robin.

At first I was at a loss as to what to do, then, sending one of the children back to camp for a weapon of some sort, I followed the snake so as not to lose it. The boy returned with a hoe and I struck the snake on the back, hurting him enough to make him drop the bird. Meanwhile the birds were carrying on their barrage of pecks and cries.

I picked up the baby robin and as soon as I did that there was perfect silence. Surprised, I looked around. Every bush was covered with birds, a beautiful sight, but every little beady eye was watching me. I felt I was on the spot, or acting in some great play. I started back to the shack, wiping the bird with my handkerchief, and, hopping from branch to branch, my audience followed on either side without a sound. Arriving at the shack, I deposited him safely in his nest. As I did that, the gathering of friends flew to the treetops and each sang his own song. I was dumbfounded. It lasted just half a minute, then with a happy chirp they were off and only the parent robins remained.

Mother went quickly to give her baby the once-over, but Daddy flew to the top of a large tree and almost sang his heart out in thanks.

"Doozo"-Leading Lady

By Dick LaCoste

WHOEVER says the female of the species is the weaker of the sexes has a fundamental fact to learn. Maybe it used to be true, but if you were to tell that to a seven-week-old mongrel currently assigned to the Third Air Rescue Squadron in Japan, she'd shout, "Doozo!"

For "Doozo" is her name, and in Japanese that means "Please." She's mascot for the heroic Third, which has to date rescued more than 3,000 United Nations troops in Korea.

Any of the boys in the Third would second Doozo's motion, too. No doubt about that. She's currently making a strong bid to become the first lady of the para-rescue team in that flight.

Doozo is taking her basic training under the tutelage of S/Sgt. Kenneth Blackwell, a paratroop medical corpsman. Blackwell swears that since she's seen him make a paradrop, she attempts to emulate him in the barracks. She thinks nothing of jumping from a chair or table at the command, "All out!"

Blackwell had several anxious moments recently when Doozo took off from a wall-locker. But the mascot landed on all fours, just like the veteran paratrooper that she is.

Blackwell says he'll have to hold her in check. "Can't have our mascot harmed," he says. "Best mascot in the U. S. Air Force," he adds in a tone of finality.

So long as American soldiers think in these terms, so long will the GI's be looked upon by foreigners as friendly to animals to the point of nonsense.

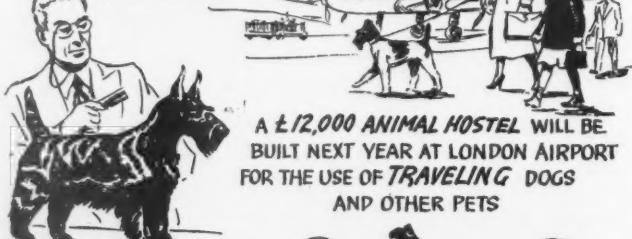
GI's wouldn't want it otherwise.

DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER

DR. FAYETTE C. EWING, 88, OF PINEVILLE, LA., HAS BEEN BREEDING SCOTTISH TERRIERS

FOR 53 YEARS



A £12,000 ANIMAL HOSTEL WILL BE BUILT NEXT YEAR AT LONDON AIRPORT FOR THE USE OF TRAVELING DOGS AND OTHER PETS



ON THE CREST OF BOULDER DAM IS THE GRAVE OF A LITTLE DOG, NIG, WHO WAS THE PAL OF THE MEN WORKING ON THE \$ 200,000,000 PROJECT UNTIL KILLED BY A TRUCK

© 1950, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

NEWS PAPER editors will always make room for a story about dogs, even when space is short. Especially is this so if it's about some unusual activity or attainment on the part of the animal. By the same token, readers may skip over the gory details of a murder or hold-up, but read every word about a dog. They are heartwarming, these tales of animals that appear in the news.

For instance, a dog that rings a bell whenever she wants to be let in or out won quite a bit of space in one newspaper. Bells have been placed within easy reach of this part collie, part shepherd, who rings bells on the kitchen door with her nose whenever she wants the door opened one way or another. Her owner, Mrs. Luella Turney, of Portland, Connecticut, equipped her door and taught the dog how to use the bells. The article says, "No member of dogdom's aristocracy is this bright pup. She came to the Turney household after having apparently been beaten and abused somewhere else. The dog was fed, bathed and cared for and soon became a beloved member of the family. Although no papers came with 'Lil,' a high doggie I.Q. did." Evidently Lil has been looking at the telephone as though she wants to answer it, but Mrs. Turney turns thumbs down on this idea, for she is an operator.

By going to school every day, another dog won recognition in the daily paper. "Pal," a German shepherd dog, breaks chains, ropes and disposes of any barriers put in his way when it's time to go to school with his four young masters, John, Ford, Val and Gary Fay of Chaplin, Connecticut.

Pal has had a perfect attendance record at the Consolidated School for the past three years. Thinking that nine-year-old Pal might want to be with his own age level, the principal promoted the dog to fourth grade, but Pal refused. He left the fourth grade room and returned to the third grade where he curled up in the middle of the room, his favorite spot, and slept it out till recess. When the class has its quiet hour, the dog bows his head, too, and shuts his eyes. During a civil defense drill, the children failed to make room for Pal. He solved that quickly enough by nudging a space between two small boys.

Pal also attends Boy Scout meetings and Youth Fellowship. On Memorial Day he leads the parade, always strutting a few steps ahead of the emblem bearer. Although Pal isn't allowed to ride on the school bus, he seems always to reach school on time.

A dog named "Mutt" in Saskatchewan, Canada, got in the newspapers, too. His owners decided Mutt was utterly worthless and were planning to give him away when little Trudy Orthner, three years old, wandered from her home. There was no trace of the tot. Searchers gave up, when Mr. Orthner saw Mutt guarding something at the bottom of a ravine. Mutt was guarding little Trudy who was caught in a shrub willow bush. Mutt will never have to worry about being given away, for the Orthners think he rates highest of all dogs.

Even the small bulletin put out by the Southern New England Telephone Company had a dog story. A service representative phoned a customer who was asking for a wall set. The receiver was taken off the hook and pounded on the floor before a woman's voice answered and said, "That was my bulldog. He dislikes the sound of the telephone bells. Every time it rings he rushes to the telephone, pulls the receiver off the hook and thrashes it around until someone stops him. That's why I want a set mounted on the wall . . . so he can't reach it." She got her wall 'phone.

Noses In the News

By Ruby Zagoren



—Photo by Arthur Warmsley, Hartford Courant

Animals Have Feelings

By Violet Stetanich

MY sister and I decided to make a sweater for our dog, "Simba." Although Simba is a spitz-pomeranian and endowed with a beautiful red coat of fur, we thought he would be warmer in the sub-zero weather if he wore a sweater.

Throughout the fittings and the laughter, Simba was a very patient dog. He didn't quite understand what we were trying to accomplish, but he had played so many foolish games with us that he put up with this silly one, also.

After many attempts to get that professional look about our sweater, we thought we had finally created a "lulu." The next time we went for a walk and the weather was really cold, we dressed Simba in his sweater and hooked on the leash. As a rule when we put on our outdoor clothing, it was a sign for Simba to wait impatiently by the door. However, no such thing happened this day.

We had to drag Simba to the door and practically shoved him off the steps and onto the walk. He looked so comical in his sweater, like a skinned sausage, that we laughed. Gone was that beautiful, showy fur we had brushed and brushed. His tail hung between his legs and his head almost touched the walk. He was the most dejected and crest-fallen animal we had ever seen.

My sister and I continued to laugh. We laughed so hard the tears began to flow and we could not stand erect. The more we laughed, the lower crawled our beautiful dog. He looked so very funny. We stopped laughing suddenly when we realized what was happening to our friend. We called ourselves a few well-deserved names, then picked up Simba and ran into the house.

Once inside, we removed the degrading sweater and brushed the glorious fur coat into a shining tribute of our love and care. Simba was delirious with happiness. He smiled and wagged his graceful plume of a tail. He was proud once more and began to prance toward the outside door. We hooked on his leash and started out again.

No pulling or dragging this time; Simba was once more a dog and not a namby-pamby. He romped and yipped as we hurried along.

Not until that day did I fully realize that dogs have real feelings, too, and somehow sense right from wrong.

Most Persistent Pelican

By Jasper B. Sinclair

THE case of the persistent pelican very naturally stirred up a great deal of interest and speculation in northern California. The comedy of errors all began because of a whim on the part of Tony Bettencourt, and, of course, because Tony was a little too expert with his wood carving and artistry.

It seems that Tony, a rancher in Contra Costa County, and somewhat of an artist in his own right, decided to mount a pelican-shaped weather vane on the roof of his tank house. He chose a pelican because he thought he could make a good looking replica of that bird. After he had carved a life-sized model of a pelican and painted it in deceptively natural colors, Tony set it in place atop the tank house. And there it stood, indicating the wind direction and much admired by both Tony and all his neighbors for miles around.

Then, two days later, a strange pelican from over Middle River way flapped over the tank house, banked, turned and studied Tony's bird with its head cocked sideways. It seemed fascinated by the motionless bird, but eventually flew away. The next day, however, it returned, flapped slowly to a landing on the tank house roof, and edged coyly

toward the bird on the weather vane. Needless to say, these advances met with no response.

On the third day the suitor returned with a small striped bass in its bill and laid the gift at the feet of Tony Bettencourt's bird. No answer from the latter and eventually the puzzled swain flew slowly northward.

Undaunted and persistent as ever, the visiting pelican returned day after day bearing gifts which were consistently refused by the weather-vane bird. Fish, frogs and other pelican delicacies were included in the offerings that piled up on the roof of the tank house.

According to Bettencourt and other interested observers, the visiting bird appeared to lose weight. Sometimes it even gave evidence of becoming slightly unbalanced mentally. No doubt it was a regular Don Juan among pelicans and considered the scorning of its advances beyond comprehension.

At length Tony Bettencourt decided that things had become too critical. He took down his pelican weather vane to spare the frustrated suitor from any further rebuffs. Tony insists that his next weather vane will definitely not wear feathers.



The persistent pelican surveys things from the ground.

Animal Odor Control

By William L. Bulkley

FROM mints for the breath to insoles for the feet, chlorophyll products have taken over complete odor control for the human animal. Recently, our four-footed friends have also been included in the chlorophyll extravaganza through the addition of the magic compound to dog and cat food.

Pet owners generally view this means of odor elimination with mingled hope and skepticism. In the back of most of their minds is the vision of the cow who munches green, chlorophyll-rich vegetation all day long and smells like a cow just the same. What is the truth behind the advertising claims for this green wonder-product?

While the vast acres of nature's green plants all contain chlorophyll, not one little sprig is a deodorant. Natural chlorophyll is worthless for this purpose. Hence, the cow continues to reek in her natural cow-like manner. Only after the magic of chemistry is applied and the chlorophyll in plants is changed to a new form, chlorophyllin, does an effective product for odor control result.

At the recent centennial meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association, Dr. James C. Munch, of Strong, Cobb and Company, told his colleagues what can be expected of chlorophyllin as a result of careful scientific studies. In humans the control of odors can be



—Photo by H. J. Phillips

I did too have my chlorophyll today.

startling in effectiveness, but a daily dose of 25 or 30 milligrams (1/1000 ounce) is necessary. The much smaller amount found in some advertised products may be worthless. Most reputable products, of course, meet this minimum requirement.

Dogs, too, received attention from Dr. Munch. In tests on females, a daily feeding of 25 milligrams of chlorophyllin controlled odors enough to unsettle mating habits. When the females were in heat, male dogs were completely unresponsive since they sensed no odor. The results of these tests, of course, should not be construed as a guaranteed method of keeping males from a female in heat, but it does show the powerful deodorizing action of adequate amounts of chlorophyllin.

For the pet owner who wants to check

the label of the food he is feeding his dog, a few figures may be useful. This 25 milligrams found to be effective is about one-thousandth of an ounce or 0.006 per cent of a pound. If your dog eats a pound each day, the chlorophyllin content should be at least this percentage. For larger or smaller daily feedings the amount will vary proportionately.

Though advertising men rather than scientists seem to be calling the turns in the realm of chlorophyll products, there are sound facts behind many of the claims. The pet owner can be comforted in the realization that sufficient quantities of this product fed every day will keep his dog a pleasant companion. The biggest unanswered question is how a dog feels when he no longer smells like a dog.

Short History of a Strange Locomotive

• • By Freeman H. Hubbard

UNTIL about 1890, nearly every locomotive in America had a name as well as a number. One of those names, "Mules' Relief," indicated a humane feeling for animals. This engine ran on the Austin City Railway, in Nevada, a narrow-gauge line. The A. C. R. was built to haul gold and silver

ore from the mines in the Nevada hills to the Nevada Central Railroad depot in Austin.

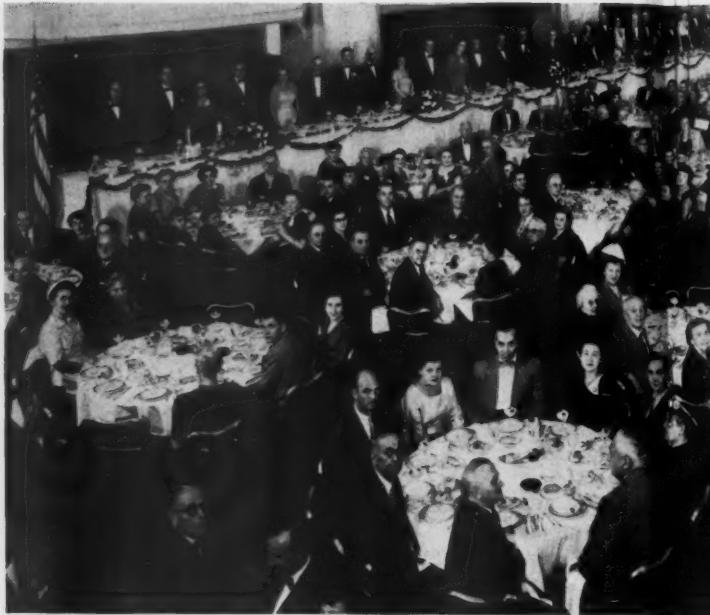
At first it was powered by mules. Then, a kind-hearted man, named Paxton, on the A. C. R. board of directors, convinced his associates that the heavy ore cars imposed too much of a strain

on the long-eared creatures. So, they had a steam engine built.

It looked like a small old-style street car, with the name, "Mules' Relief," painted in gold leaf on its sides. Upon its arrival in April, 1880, the mules were retired. This oddly-named engine served the miners for years.



Archbishop Richard J. Cushing and President Eric H. Hansen discuss the convention program, prior to the stirring invocation given by the Archbishop.



The banquet room at the Hotel Statler



Humane Educational Panel — (left to right) Albert A. Pollard, Miss Dorothea Clark, Mrs. Edward Bidwell, and Dr. Roma Gans of Columbia University.

They Come

DELEGATES from every part of the country, from Cuba and Canada, assembled in Boston last month for the annual convention of The American Humane Association at which the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the Animal Rescue League were hosts.

From our Societies, convention speakers included President Eric H. Hansen, Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education, Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Chief of Staff of our Hospital, John C. Macfarlane, Livestock Loss Prevention Director, Miss Dorothea Clark and Mrs. Edward Bidwell, members of our staff. Also, at our invitation, came Dr. Roma Gans, of Columbia University, whose outstanding talk captured her audience at



Iran Berlow, Executive Producer,
WBZ-TV.



John C. Macfarlane



The entire convention visited our Hospital and partook of light



The Hotel Statler was filled to overflowing.

One to Boston

the Humane Education session; Iran Berlow, Executive Producer, WBZ-TV, who spoke on television programs for societies; Mrs. Muriel J. Coffin, with her striking bull-fight pictures and Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, who received our award, the National Humane Key for outstanding service.

Outstanding among the events was the election of Dr. Hansen as President of The American Humane Association for the forthcoming year.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all who helped make the convention a success, especially our own staff who worked diligently for weeks in advance and all during the sessions.



Director of Education Albert A. Pollard presents the Society's National Humane Key to Miss Lucia F. Gilbert.



J. Robert Smith and William A. Swallow discuss Band of Mercy affairs with Jose Borrell, President of its Cuban counterpart, the Banda de Piedad de Cuba.



Took of light refreshments in the auditorium before a tour of inspection.



Mrs. Muriel J. Coffin



Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle

Cat Decided the Verdict

By H. E. Zimmerman

THOUGH animals have in the past been summoned in judicial cases, it is not now a common practice to summon them before a court of justice, either to stand trial themselves or to give evidence. Nevertheless, such an incident occurred several years ago and the visible testimony of a Maltese cat quickly decided a case that had puzzled judge and jury for a week.

Mr. A and Mr. B, as we'll call them, lived in a western city and each owned a Newfoundland dog, both animals resembling each other so much that it was not possible for the owners to distinguish between them. Then Mr. A's dog became lost.

One day about a month later, Mr. A seeing, as he thought, his missing pet on the street naturally took possession of him and took him to his home. Mr. B strongly objected to this proceeding, claiming the dog was his, but his title was disputed by Mr. A, who insisted that the animal belonged to him and added that, as "possession is nine points of the law," he proposed to keep him. Arguments and persuasion failing, suit was brought to recover the dog, and the case came before a judge and jury.

Witnesses on both sides testified equally positively. The animal himself, meanwhile, went freely to either of the clients, and left one readily at the call of the other. The week was taken up in collecting testimony, and even then neither judge nor jury was the wiser, nor prepared to render a true decision.

At this point a woman living in the same house with Mr. B declared that

her cat could settle the question, since the cat and Mr. B's dog were on very friendly terms, while the cat was the foe of all other dogs.

Here, then, was a solution by which both parties were willing to abide. A writ was accordingly issued in the name of the people of the state, commanding "all and singular, the owner or owners of a certain Maltese cat to produce the living body of said animal before the Honorable . . . , a justice duly and legally commissioned by the people of the commonwealth aforesaid" at a given time and place specified in the writ, and "to fail not at their own proper peril."

At the time appointed the cat was duly produced before the court, the dog, and the two men who claimed him. The record does not state if "Puss" was sworn to "Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

However, the cat proceeded to vindicate his fighting ability, for, on being introduced to a strange dog, he dilated his tail to majestic proportions, arched his back and gave battle, clearing the room in fine style.

Next, the disputed dog was brought near the cat, whereupon Puss' warlike mood and behavior speedily changed to demonstrations of good-fellowship, the animals recognizing each other to the satisfaction of all concerned. This conclusive evidence terminated a suit which, except for the shrewdness of that woman might have dragged on indefinitely and led to rancor and strife. The Newfoundland went home—to stay—with Mr. B.

Big Bird Bath

WHAT was probably the biggest bird bath in history was recently set up in the quarters of England's Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Society, long accustomed to taking on some mighty odd jobs in pursuance of their humane duties, turned itself into a bird-washing establishment in order to clean up England's royal swans.

The swans, for centuries the protected pets of England's kings, had suddenly presented a disgraceful appearance. Oil from a ship on the Thames had trans-

ferred itself to the birds' beautiful white plumage, giving them greasy, dark coats. Then the Society came to the rescue.

A clean-up party, consisting of many men in boats, pulled angry, protesting birds from the water, and carted them off to the Society. There, the birds were scrubbed with every available cleaning aid, including sandpaper and finger-nail files.

It was hard, dirty work—and the birds did not approve, but they came clean. Once again they swim the Thames, royal pets that look the part.

Lassie and the Glasses

By Ellen A. Goudy

FATHER was upset, and when I say upset, I mean it. You see, Father has a place for everything and everything in its place, and woe betide the rest of us if we don't fall into line.

No one knew how it happened—least of all, Father—but the truth was, his glasses were lost. No, *mislaid*. (A better word.) Father never lost anything!

We looked everywhere. When he took off his glasses and put them neatly in the case, did they slip down into the crevice in the big armchair? They are not under the pillow on the couch where he had his nap. Not on the desk? Did he take them out to the hammock? No? Surely on the porch table. Well, now, they didn't walk off by themselves.

This is ridiculous! Take all the pillows off the couch, now the couch-cover. Shake it. Someone bring the broom; poke under the bed; no, move the bed. Here, give us a hand; we've got to move this piano. Ouch! Never mind if it does hurt your foot. Where are those confounded . . . Oh, someone take down the dishes from the shelf; all the rugs must be taken up. Poke among the ashes in the fireplace. Why don't you DO something?

Well, after the entire bungalow had been literally turned upside down, we gave up. Resigned? Oh, no. As soon as we regained our strength, everything had to be put back in its place. Father sat down, looking helpless. The rest of us just sat.

"Lassie," our beautiful collie, was there all the time. She went under the bed when we did, ran behind the piano, poked her nose into every nook and cranny, shook the small rugs with great delight, knocked over the wastebasket, got in our way generally, and even tried to put her dainty paw into the ashes.

When the house was in order again and we were all seated or lying down, exhausted and disconsolate, Lassie waved her beautiful plume of a tail and left the room. She returned in a moment, bearing the glasses in the case, and deposited them in Father's lap. With a wink of her eye she seemed to say, "You see, I knew where they were all the time!"



A slight depression in the sand serves the common tern.

How Aquatic Birds Nest

By Aletha M. Bonner

J oyce KILMER'S famous tree that "wore a nest of robins in her hair," must have been a cherry, or perhaps a mulberry, since it is a well-known fact that the robin redbreast family prefer tree-apartments with a cafeteria on the premises!

There are many birds, however, which do not build "in the hair" of any tree, but choose rather to "set up housekeeping" on *terra firma*. Aquatic birds, in particular, have this ground-floor complex; and this seems odd in view of their abiding predilection for water. Yet, after all, this may be the reason—for when one is a bird and has paddled around in water all day, good earth underfoot does feel comfortable; and to have a cozy nest, within walking distance of a beach or branch or brook, is "ducky" indeed!

At least, the mallards and the canvas-back ducks seem to think so, for they build their nests on marshy ground, hidden away in a thicket of rushes and reeds. Mrs. C-B Duck really prefers a semi-floating nest-boat, and builds a deep basket-like affair of sticks and reeds, anchoring it in a clump of water-grown plants; and here Master Donald and little sister Daisy can swim in the backyard to their hearts' content.

Their first cousin (and an "ugly duckling"), the shy, pied-billed, bobbed-tailed grebe, has a floating palace of

grass and reeds. When baby grebes first leave the nest, it is aboard the back of their father or mother, but they soon "take to water," as does every duck.

According to legendary lore, the halcyon birds (better known today as kingfishers) were said to build floating nests on the ocean and were thought to "possess mysterious power to calm troubled waters during the nesting season"—hence the origin of the term "halcyon days," meaning, days of fair weather.

Apropos of other significant bird-terms, it is interesting to know that the petrel, which forms its nest in the sand in localities adjoining the sea, derives its name from a Bible character—Peter, the Apostle who walked on the waves, for this reason; when the birds are in pursuit of food, they extend their wings, and appear to walk on the surface of the water. And in direct contrast to the fair-weather halcyons, seamen predict "poor sailing weather," when the water-walkers take to the air and circle around a ship, this is why the birds are often called "stormy petrels."

Continuing the census of ground-nesting water-birds, the huge-billed brown and white pelicans should be mentioned. The former chooses a sandy setting for their nesting home, which is a substantial structure of twigs and leaves and weeds, usually located on

small islands in the sea, but never far from the mainland. The latter pelican folk have for their building site floating islands of massed drift-wood and vegetation. Easily disturbed, the seemingly ever-smiling birds will desert their eggs and young on the slightest provocation; despite this desertion, pelican colonies are on the increase. In more recent years they have been set apart on Federal wildbird reservations where they can build nests and live unmolested lives.

Another bird receiving Government protection is the common tern, a graceful water-fowl with forked but feathery tail, and needle-sharp bill, whose "Home Sweet Home" is a scooped-out saucer-like hole in the sand on some treasure island of the sea. Noisy and restless in nature, they have gained the name of "wide-awake"; and in his day Audubon—the world's greatest bird-lover, described a visit to a tern rookery: "Rising in swarms like those of bees in their hives, with cries that deafen one. . . . I felt as if the birds would raise me from the ground, so thick were they all around and so quick the motion of their wings."

Among the feathered architects who build more imposing nests on the ground are the long-legged and longer-necked flamingoes. If looking on during the building process, one might fancy these colorful (rosy-pink) creatures were making "mud pies;" but after much scraping and patting into shape with bill and feet, a foot-high nest is formed out of the muddy mass. When completed and somewhat dried out, one or two chalky-white eggs are deposited therein; Master Flamingo attends to the incubation, and soon there are the web-footed stilt-like legs of young Master Flam, stepping from the nest.

If sky-scraper effects in straw and reeds are desired, engage a swan to do the work! Both the Mister and the Madam (mated for life) toil indefatigably when building—a coastline or an island site is chosen, then begins the huge building project.

When completed the nest reaches a height of some three feet, and is some five or six feet in diameter.

If aquatic birds could speak they might have this to say: "Feathered land-lubbers may build on bush and bough, and sing 'rock-a-bye-baby, on the tree top,'

*But as for us, we think it best
To have a land, or water, nest!"*

Speaking of Owls

By Wilbert N. Savage



This wise owl fits in very comfortably and harmoniously with the gray-brown colors of birch, maple, and beech. Notice how his outline, although sharply photographed, blends with background shades.

HERE are many different kinds of owls, but the "tiger of the air"—the great horned owl—is the most fearsome and powerful member of the owl tribe. The smallest known owl, the elf owl, is a harmless resident of southern Texas and Mexico.

The snowy owl of the far North is pure white, and so swift on the wing that it can catch a grouse in flight! The snowy owl lives to be quite old, too, but almost any owl may live to be twenty-five years old.

The burrowing owl is the only known

land bird to nest under the ground. These little creatures are also noted for their huge appetites and their bravery.

The pygmy owls are unusually fearless, too. They never hesitate to attack anything that molests them. The pygmy owl is perhaps the only owl that hunts equally well in daylight or darkness.

The ears of the owl are so sensitive that they can hear the slightest rustle caused by small creatures of field and forest, even when the noise is a considerable distance away. The owl's eyes are sharp, too, and so well fitted for night feeding that they easily find their prey on the darkest nights. But since his eyes cannot be moved in their sockets, he must turn his entire head to focus from one point to another. An owl can turn his head three-quarters of the way around one way, and then quickly snap it back again to catch the view from the fourth quarter. If you have ever seen an owl sitting on a branch with the front of his body and the back of his head toward you, you know what a weird sight that can be.

The owl's wing-feathers are so arranged that he can fly swiftly without creating more than a whisper of sound. This combination of keen eyesight, superb hearing, and silent flight enables him to destroy countless pests. In some sections owls destroy so many pests that farmers value their services at \$20 per year—for each owl, that is.

All owl eggs are pure white. From three to five are deposited by the female at varying seasons. Mr. and Mrs. Owl often take a nest from a squirrel or hawk and remodel it to suit themselves.

Quite a fascinating bird, the owl.

A Fable

Like Aesop, the Author Has a Point Here

HAVE you heard the fable of the ox and the mule? The ox was very stubborn and grouchy, and one morning he said to the mule, "What do you say we make-believe we are sick today, then we can get out of work?"

"No," said the mule. "The boss is a good man; he feeds us well and gives us a good place to sleep."

But the ox played sick. The farmer thought he was sick so he gave him

some new bedding and something to eat, then he took the mule and went to work. The ox chuckled all day.

At night when the mule came in, the ox asked, "Did the boss say anything about me today?"

"No."

"Fine, then I'm going to play sick again tomorrow. You ought to try it, too."

"No, I am going to keep on the job

as long as I am able."

The next day the farmer thought the ox was still sick so he left him in the stable again. When the mule returned that night the ox again asked, "I have had a great time today; did the boss say anything about me?"

"No," answered the mule, "he didn't say anything to me about you, but on the way home he had a long talk with the butcher."

Need a Sitter for Your "Baby?" . . .

MRS. GENE BRADFORD, 32-year-old housewife, averages about ten dollars a day "sitting" with animals of every kind, from goats to goldfish, cats, dogs, and horses. But no monkeys since the day one almost bit off the end of her finger!

Her prices vary. For example, gold-

fish cost about \$1 a day, while horses are \$2 each daily, since they must be exercised.

Mrs. Bradford's biggest job in her five months of "sitting" was taking care of six nanny goats and twelve kids. She milked all the goats and fed all the kids.

Travelling by truck, Mrs. Bradford

By Virginia Weakley

visits about six "clients" a day. Her work has its rewards; once she received a kiss from a horse—after feeding him. She loves all animals, but there is one type of "client" she knows better than to touch—goldfish. Electricity in her body once killed a bowlful.

It's nice work if you can get it.

The Happy Traveller . . .

By Madeline Hicks

RATHER than leave our pet cat to the uncertain feeding of a caretaker, and (we flatter ourselves) to the loneliness of being without us, we have inducted "Gypsy" into the pleasures of riding in a car.

In fact, Gypsy has gone many happy miles with us, from Michigan to South Carolina, and from Washington, D. C., to Ohio. He sleeps during the long stretches, rising to inspect each town we enter, peering and sniffing through the car's screened windows. His own basket goes with him and at night precedes him into the motor court.

Since Gypsy enjoys surveying new places, he examines each night's lodging before leaping, satisfied, into his basket. This is always placed near a window so he can watch later arrivals at the court unpack their luggage.

In the morning, he puts up his head for the collar and leash, and leaps eagerly into the back of the car, ready for a new day's travel.

He makes a great conversation piece at filling stations and in towns where we stop. Surprisingly enough, his favorite tourists are men; he eagerly licks their fingers and rubs against their coat sleeves.

The whole business has made him so friendly and alert that he has an air of distinction. We got tired of saying, "Just plain alley," to people who asked what variety of cat he was, and then looked skeptically at his shining white vest, black glossy coat, and solemn eyes of green. They seemed to think we just didn't know what valuable genus we had. So I looked up cat lore and found what was probably his original habitat. Now when I answer, "He's Egyptian," people walk away satisfied.

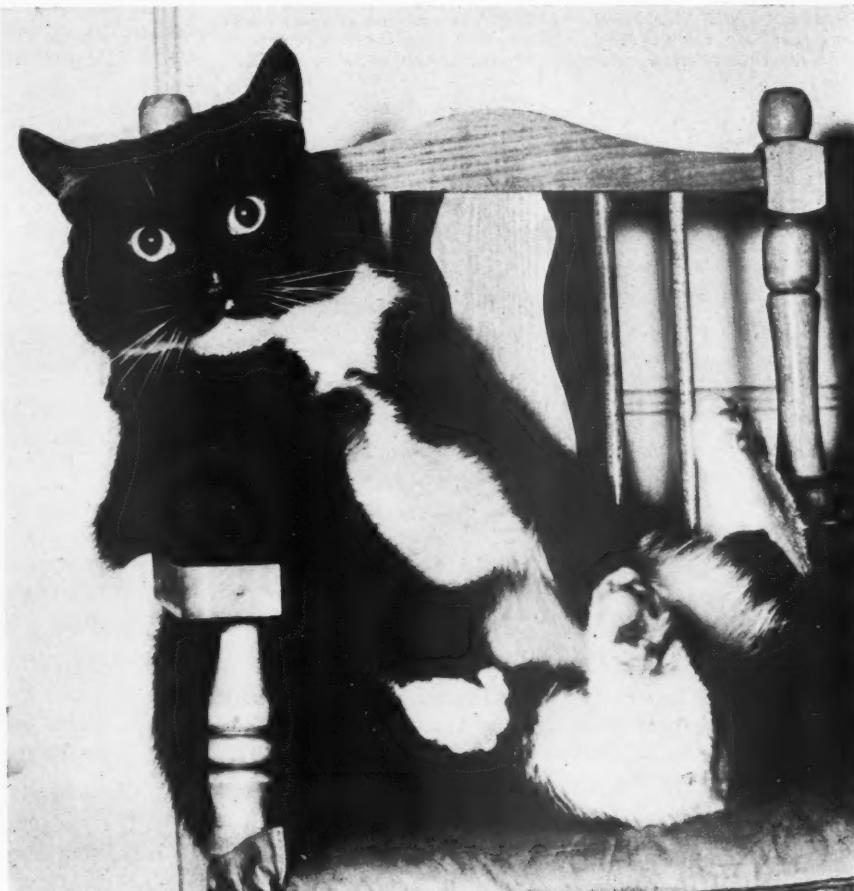
We neatly solved the problem of Gypsy's food during summer trips by

carrying plenty of small cans of strained meat (babyfood). One can, freshly opened, provides a "licking" good meal and seems to assuage much of his thirst. Thus his food is never stale or spoiled by the heat, and is always ready on demand in a neat container.

Of course, any pet one cares for over the years weaves its way into one's heart, but Gypsy reciprocates by caring for us. He has sized up the amount of

sleep required by the adult human so, no matter what hour we turn in, he serves as alarm clock eight hours later. The first summons is a mew; then, if that doesn't work, he tries a gentle slap of a soft paw. If neither of these serves, he rears back and lets go with a really hard biff guaranteed to stir even Rip Van Winkle.

Then, his day's work done, he sits by the door ready for that day's trip.



"Now, the last time I was in Washington . . ." (Gypsy at home between trips.)

CHILDREN'S PAGE



SNAPPED WHILE ENJOYING THE OPERA (horse) last evening, handsome young Mr. Van der Meid of Ithaca, N. Y., was heard to remark to his luxuriously-furred companion, "Pretty funny show, huh, Puff?"

A Corker of a Cocker

By Gwen Salberg (11)

Little puppy with ears so long,
About you I now write this song.
With your droopy dragging ears and your big sad eyes
You shouldn't have stuck your nose in my mother's pies.

You know you shouldn't have chased the next-door cat
Nor pawed and chewed up Father's very best hat.
But in spite of all the mischief you have done,
Of all my pets I think you are the very best one.

"Buttons" Has All Her . . .

By Jane Proud (11)

BUTTONS" is my puppy and she eats everything from sticks to old rubbers. Or tries to. We adopted her when she was only six weeks old. After we had had her a few weeks, she came running into the house, panting.

Her water dish was empty and I wasn't there to fill it. So she picked it right up and brought it in her mouth to my mother.

I forgot to say she is a beagle dog, and not very big. But she's smart!

"Binky" and "Inky"

By Martha Shoemaker (9)

WHEN "Binky" and "Inky" were kittens they were very funny. There was a rug in our room and every morning they came up to play with a hump in the rug.

Binky would go underneath the hump and Inky would try to jump on top of him. By that time Binky was already out, but Inky would keep right on jumping.

Then Binky would take over the jumping, and Inky would hide in the hump. They took turns and kept it up for a long time every morning.

When they got bored with that, we gave them a couple of empty spools. They had a wonderful time batting them around the room. Sometimes they rolled them back and forth to each other like hockey players. Other times they raced around the space between the rug and the wall, "dribbling" the spool in front of them. When they came to a corner, Binky and Inky would slide around it on one foot apiece. It used to take us a long time to dress, watching them.

Charade

By Clarence M. Lindsay

THE following verses will give you the name, syllable by syllable, of an animal which Webster defines as "a very large and strong animal, probably the hippopotamus, mentioned in the Bible." Can you guess it?

My FIRST means simply to exist;
You should guess that with ease!
And it's a prefix in the list
Of those one often sees.

My SECOND is a pronoun, and
Rhymes with my first right well.
The youngest scholar in the land
Might either of them spell.

My THIRD denotes an insect small
Which mainly flies by night,
And which you may not care at all
To have around your light.

My WHOLE in Job is mentioned, but
Though termed a "water-horse"
Some may be doubtful as to what
It was, or what its source.

ANSWER: BEHEMOTH (Job IX:15)

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Care I Give My Dog

By Lee Randall (11)

WHEN I got my dog I learned in reading how to train him. I learned that you must be firm, but patient. I also learned that you should use the same call each time so it won't confuse him.

I learned that you should feed a dog meat, milk, and either toasted or whole wheat bread, cereal, and vegetables. Feed a dog soft-boiled eggs. Raw eggs are not good for dogs. A dog needs and enjoys a bone. It will clean his teeth. Do not give your dog chicken bones or pork chop bones, as they are small, splinter easily, and might choke him.

Groom your dog regularly. Wire-haired dogs should be combed every day with a metal comb. Be careful not to hurt him when you comb him.

If your pet is lost call the local S.P.C.A. immediately, and they can be watching for him. If you expect to move ask your neighbor to check on his returning home, as often a dog will go back to his familiar home until he gets accustomed to his new one. A neighbor can call you and then you can go back to get him.

Whenever you buy a dog be sure you get a license for him when he is three months old.

A dog is a delightful companion and deserves the care you should give him.

CALLING MOTHER AND DAD!

Have you heard the radio and TV programs we sponsor? You'll approve of them for your children, and they'll love them. (You should see our fan mail!)

Friday Evenings — it's ANIMAL FAIR, starring John Macfarlane, and various assorted animal friends, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P.M.

Saturday Mornings — it's ANIMAL CLUB OF THE AIR, where Albert Pollard shines as M.C. and storyteller, over WMEX (1510 on the dial) at 9:15 A.M.

Both programs relate facts and stories about animals in such a fascinating way that you'll find yourself a fan, too!

The Lost Is Found

By Julie Loud (8)

I GOT a dog for my birthday. I named him "Rusty." Three days later he ran away.

Mommy told the police to look out for him. Then a policeman came to our house. He had a dog. The dog was white; he was not my dog.

That night a girl came to our house. She had a dog. It was Rusty! She said she found him next door to her house. I thanked her very much.

When Rusty saw me, he licked my face. He was glad to be home. Mommy and I were glad, too.

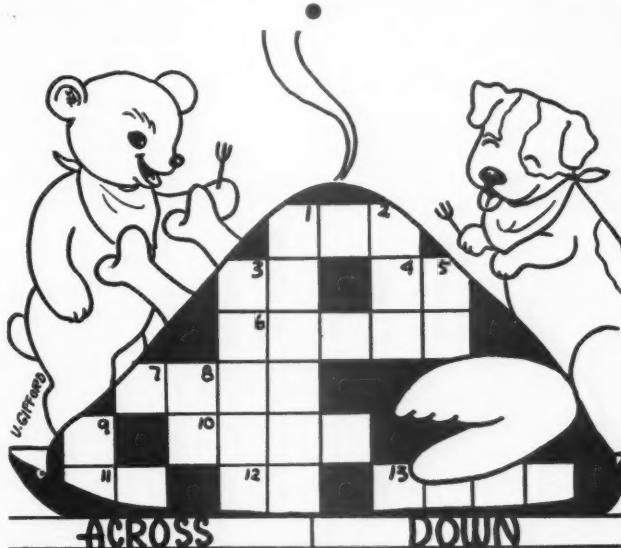
Bars and Stripes

By Tommy Crosly (11)

The Bengal tiger in his pen
Walks slowly to one side and then
Turns round and walks right back again.

I'm glad I have a place to go
Instead of walking to and fro,
It's cruelly to cage him so.

ANSWER TO OCTOBER PUZZLE: Across—1. Halloween, 8. ade, 9. web, 10. on, 11. all, 13. fa, 14. one, 15. ax, 16. amt., 18. cat, 21. lo, 22. use. Down—1. ha, 2. ad, 3. leaf, 4. owl, 5. we, 6. ebon, 7. no, 12. la, 14. ox, 15. at, 17. mask, 19. alp, 20. to.



ACROSS

- 1.
 3. YOU AND I.
 4. SHORT FOR "I AM".
 6. PLACE FOR BOWLING.
 - 7.
 - 10.
 11. PAID NOTICE IN A PAPER.
 12. NEW YORK - ABBV.
 - 13.
- 1.
 - 2.
 - 3.
 5. BELONGING TO ME.
 8. AIR CORPS - ABBV.
 9. VIRGINIA - ABBV.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



—Free Lance Photographers Guild

Mr. Smarty solves his problem.

A Reasoning Squirrel

By P. H. Henry

IN OUR backyard there is a water pipe that runs up from the ground about a foot and a half, ending in a spigot. The washer isn't much good and, consequently, every few seconds a drop of water fell to the ground where a small puddle had formed.

A gray squirrel, trying to drink from the puddle, was annoyed by the water dropping on his head. He would stop drinking, shake his head after he felt a drop hit him, then try it again. After the third or fourth drop struck him, he glanced up to see where they were coming from. He studied the situation for a moment and seemed to decide in his own mind what should be done about it.

He stood on his hind legs and gripped the pipe with his forepaws, put his mouth under the spigot, and got his drink without being bothered by water

drops on his head. Satisfied for the time being, he went on about his nut-collecting.

Unfortunately I didn't have a camera handy at the time I first saw him figure out his problem. Hoping he might return and repeat his performance, I obtained one and placed it on a table near the window.

I didn't see "Mr. Smarty," as I nicknamed him, until nearly an hour and a half later when he came scampering across the lawn toward the faucet, twitching his tail in anticipation. I picked up my camera, expecting he would repeat the whole performance.

However, Mr. Smarty was smarter than I thought. He didn't even try to drink from the puddle. Instead he stood up and clutched the pipe again, as you can see above.

Needed: Relaxation

PERHAPS it is not generally known, but at our Angell Memorial Hospital, there are always at least six veterinarians living in quarters within the Hospital building, itself.

Because of this fact there is always expert aid available for any sick or injured animal brought into the Hospital night or day. And, also, because of this fact, these doctors lead, more or less, a sequestered life among themselves. Many of them are new to the city, without acquaintances or means of entertainment.

It has occurred to us that a television set would help our veterinarians materially in passing their off-times in a pleasant manner. May we suggest, then, that gifts toward this worthy cause would be very much appreciated.

"Patrick" Meets "Caesar"

By Helen L. Renshaw

HERE is as strange a pair of pals as you may hope to meet. A duckling and a cat have become great companions in a Vashon Island home in Washington.

It all began when the three Malone children discovered the abandoned duckling. It was plain that something had frightened Pa and Ma Duck away, and here was their tiny baby still encased in a partly cracked egg. What to do? Well, the children helped the bird break out of his shell, but to leave him all alone and unattended meant certain death. So the Malone family undertook to nurse the duckling along.

Now she's a mallard hen and nearly two months old. The children named her "Caesar," though she's built more like Cleopatra.

Naturally their greatest fear on bringing her home for the first time was what Patrick might do to her. What could you expect of a cat but to gobble up Caesar if given the chance?

Fortunately, it has worked out quite differently from what the Malones expected. Pat and Caesar are almost constant companions. They eat from the same dish, play and wrestle together. There is only one time the friendship is strained; that is when the little mallard decides to take a swim. Patrick sits on the bank with an interested look on his face, but he flatly refuses to follow. The Malones wonder how he'll feel about it if someday Caesar goes winging off into the blue.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue. Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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